Thermometer uinety at nine.
One hundred degrees at four,
And ninety again at nine p. m.,
For a full mouth or meen.

So but that you fall asleep.
Over the news by null—
That a cow can't low or a chicken crow.
Or a watch-dog wag ble tail. he last that man don't speak. In a healthy, natural tone, But gracet, as they meet in the dusty street, With a scarcedy andible groun.

A staggering twenter reels
After a sunstruck fly.
And a log just winks at an ear of corn
Which chances to lie near by.

Not a drop of dew by night. Not a drop of rain by day: The wells and cisteras going dry, And the creeks have run away. ADDRESS TO A CAT.

not warhier, when the radiant mosnlight falls a mellow splender on the hannied shed, have I lineased to the plaintiev wants, and surred these from any sleep-deserted bad, where I would be hear the lengthrawn shout, aria. Oh, Ma-riad Comin' on-out? Why does these range, value only when unite night With "deepy firedeness fills the alternair". Why does there either he noar, to yell and figld, And rip and spit unel mort, and claw and swear host class but histories, sweet eat, when very dawn been half thy fur clawed out, and one eye gune?

The Belle and the Student. certan splendid evening party, a haught beanty turned to a student who stoc ur her, and said: "Consin John, I understand your eccentri

The student went lu searh of his friend, and a The student went in search of his friend, and at length found him lounging on a sefa.

"Come, L——," said he, "my heartiful consin Catharine wishes to be introduced to you."

"Well, trot her out, John," drawled D——, with an affected yawn.

John returned to his cousin, and advised her to defer the introduction to a more favorable time, repeating the answer he had received. The beauty bit her lip, but the next noment said: "Well, never fear! I insist on being introduced.

duced.

After some delay, L—— was led up, and the ceremony of introduction performed. Agreeably surprised by the beauty and commanding appearance of Catherine, L——— made a profound bow; but instead of returning it, she stepped backward, and raising her eye-glass, surveyed him deliberately from head to toot; then waving the back of her hand toward him, drawled out:

"Trot him off, John, trot him off; that is enough?"

She Cured Him.

At last she completely cured him. For months she had patiently endured the pangs so many thousands of young wives are compelled to suffer. Almost every morning at breakfast the heartless husband expressed the hope that he might live to see the day when he should get such coffee as he used to have at home. Or such corn-bread as his mother was wont to make or bake. At dinner the meat was over-baked in the range. To be sure his mother used to roast the meat in an old-fashioned Dutch tin oven, and the piece was always done to a turn—the last turn of the revolving spit. Those days were forever gone, but he might and ought to get such a green-apple ple with new cheese as his mother used to give him. At length the long-suffering wife arose in her wrath, upset the table, sending the dishes and their contents crashing to the carpet, strided over to her astounded husband, gave him a box on the car which knocked him off his chair, and remarked: "There's a clip over the head for you, such as your mother used to give you when you was a looy, goldern yet." Therester there was domestic peace and quiet in that house, with never even an allusion to the maternal cookery and comforts of the by-gone days.—New Fork World.

Another Postoffice Story. Everybody will remember the joke that a South-ern postmaster perpetrated on Amos Kendall, when the latter was Postmaster General. That great man wrote to his subordinate to ascertain great man wrote to his subordinate to ascertain "how far the Tombigbee river ran up." The facetious reply was that "the Tombigbee river decem't runsup at all." It is not pleasant to be obliged to add that the Postmaster fell a victim to his jocular propensity, the ruffled dignity of the autocrat demanding his retirement. In the course of business the other day, I came across the response of an Iowa postmaster to an inquiry as to the address of a certain clergyman, which is not bad in its way. It ran: "The Rev.—resides here, and is pastor of the Congregational church. I hold a pew in his church, which my wife occupies wile I work in the postoffice on the holy Sabbath?" That postmaster is in no danger of losing his place.—Washington Correspondence Atchisos Champion.

Panson Jedebian Dewey, who preached a war sermon the Sunday before the battle of Bennington, was the first pastor of the first church in Verment. His strict theological views sometimes brought him into contact with Col. Ethan Allen, the here of Ticonderoga, who lived in Bennington some years. Preaching on the character of God one Sunday, Col. Allen rose in his prominent pow and disputed one of the Parson's statement. Pointing at the disturber, Mr. Dewey reterted: "Sit down, thou hold blasphemer, and listen to the Word of God." During the Thanks-

SALAD AND CASTOR Ou. -"The baby is sick my dear."
"Well, give it castor oil—Denuis, bring up the castor oil."

castor oil."

"It is all gone, sir—not a dhrop is left."

"Gone! why we have not yet opened the bottle,"

"Sure you have had it every day, and I've seen you use it myself upon your salad."

"Why, you scoundrel! you don't mean to say that I have been eating castor oil every day during the salad season!"

"Sure, an'ye have, indade, sir."

"Did you not see, you blockhead, that the bottle was labelled castor oil!"

"Sure an' I did, yer honor, an' by the vices of

PLOUGHING DEEP.—Judge Coulter, of Virginia, when first appointed to the bench, had jurisdiction over one of the mountain Counties. The The district was made up of many wild and unruly fellows. One of the Judge's first acts was to impose a heavy fine, by way af example, upon a rough and hardy backwoodsman, for disorderly conduct. As the man was leaving the court resun in charge of an officer, he turned and addressed the Judge—
"Your name is Coulter, is it not?"

Ann't Got Nothing.—We were visiting at a house the other evening, where there was a number of young children. One of them had the measles, one the whooping-cough, and another afficited with the young poulity-pex. They were all receiving the greatest sympathy and attention, while one little girl, about five years old, sat in the essuer crying bitterly. We asked her what was the matter? She replied, bursting out into a heart-broken gush of tears:

"Every one of the other children's got the measles and whooping-cough, and I ain't got nothing—boe! hoo!

For such a misfortune there was no sympathy.

A LADY at Columbus, Ohio, recently inquired the spirit-rappers how many children sho

"Four," rapped the spirit.

"Four," rapped the spirit.

The husband, startled at the accuracy of the reply, stepped up and inquired:

"How many children have If"

"Two!" answered the rapping medium.

The husband and wife looked at each other, with an odd smile on their faces, for a moment, and then retired non-believers. There had been a mistake made somewhere.

for the farmer.

THE VILLAGER'S PIG-HOW TO KEEP

FOR the Jammer.

And the Comment of the Comment of

the continue for more of the same varlety, and pletroscope of the control of the same varlety, and pletroscope of the control of the same varlety, and pletroscope of the control of the same varlety, and pletroscope of the control of the same varlety, and pletroscope of the control of the same varlety, and the control of the same varlety and th

Our Scrap Book.

HOW STRANGE IT WILL BE

Aseful and Curious.

Things Worth Knowing.

Things Worth Knowing.

1. That fish may be scaled much easier by dipping in boiling water about a minute.

2. That fish may be as well scaled, if desired, before packing them down in salt; though, in that case, don't scald them.

3. Salt fish are quickest and best freshened by soaking in sour milk.

4. That milk which is turned or changed may be sweetened and rendered fit for use again by stirring in a little soda.

5. That salt will cardle new milk; hence, in preparing milk porridge, gravies, etc., the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared.

6. That fresh meat, after beginning to sour, will sweeten if placed out of doors in the cool over night.

7. That clear boiling water will remove teas tains and many fruit stains. Pour the water through the stain, and thus prevent its spreading over the fabric.

8. That ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth; also from the hands.

9. That a teaspoonful of turpestine boiled with your white clothes will said the whitening process.

10. That besided starch is much improved by the addition of a little sperm, or a little gun-Arabic dissolved.

11. That beeswax and salt will make your rusty flat-irons as clean and smooth as glass. The a lump of wax in a rag, and keep it for that purpose. When the irons are hot, rab them first with the wax-rag, then secur with a paper or cloth sprinkled with salt.

12. That blue ointment and kerosene, mixed in equal proportions, and applied to bedsteads, is an unfailing bed-lug remedy; and that a coat of whitewash is ditto for the walls of a log house.

13. That kerosene will soften boots or shoes which have been hardened by water, and render them as pliable as new.

14. That kerosene will make tin tea kettles as bright as new. Saturate a woolen rag and rub with it. It will also remove stains from clean varnished furniture.

15. That cool rain water and soda will remove maching areas from vanished fabrice.

Select Poetry.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

I have pleuty of cutiful vassala,
Have pleuty of gold, and he space;
Have present the space;
Have not gold to the space;
Have pleutiful Devandend are they,
They drive me to balls
And sugarificent halls,
And tell me my conch stops the way!
But, oh! what a peet,
When it comes to the hest,
I am kept in a dreadful delay,
A plague on those wild little vassala!
You can't trust a word that they ony;
And I've hand that my benutiful casiles
Are safly inclined to docay.

Again Pather Wisson addressed meHe's a herrid old bore, in his way—
He said rata and mice would infest me,
As crumbied my lowers to decay.
They never can crumble, dear father:
They re leating, when once they've begun;
We can quickly repair,
As the house of the spider's respun."
So homeward I went
To my castles, content,
As the vesper-bell told day was done;
And they look d' just as lovely as over,
As burnish'd they stood in the sun.
Oh, ne of from my castles I II sever.
Till the sames of my glass shall be run!

TRANSPLANTED. When hat I saw her, all cold and white. On her maiden bed extended, It seemed to me, that with the light Of her life my own was ended. It seemed to me, that I could not bear The burden of life without her; To see the sunshine, feel the air That could never more play about her-

Lovingly play round her lovely head, Giving food and playfull kisses. Making the rose on her check more red, Stirring her sun-gilt treases. I felt as though I could never hear. The cease-less pain and pressure. Of cudless days when she might not share. One servow of mine, or pleasure.

Stark and pallid, and cold she lay, Not she—the soul warmed woman— But the dreadful frigid image of clay That with her had nothing in comm Among the flowers about the hier I noted a large-eyed blassom. That looked at me through a dowy tear, As it by on her lifeless bosom.

A large while daisy. I kissed its face, In her cold, dead hand I laid it, And bid it nevermore leave that place, Though the breath of the grave should fade it I fancied that she would feel it there, And that when she was in heaven. She would send me a sign that the box So bound as should not be riven.

Perhaps a childish and wild belief; But when in some hopeless sorrow, That rejects all thought of a common relief, The heart is fain to horrow From the reals of fancy, some hope, some dream, It may be some superstition. That, however children or wild, will seem Like a real braven sent vision,

And so with me. When the friendly night O'er my elections pillow lingers, You star, I think, is the dainy white I placed in her lifeless fingers. NO LONGER YOUNG.

BT MARY CLEMNES AND No longer young! how and it seems, To mark our morning's wanting beam. To feel our dreams are only dreams.

Leve's prophecy young years enfold. Time steads its glow with fingers col There's something and in growing of It never comes again, in sooth, With manhood's wisdom, age's truth, The pleasant fever of our youth. We find, while memory's sea we sound, 'Midst rarest treasures wrecked around, How much we've missed, how little found Once from Life's miser hand we bought Joy, wilder than our wildest thought, But, ah, she kept the joy we sought. For no new gift we still may bow; She binds upon our faded brow. No epaline crown of premise new. We bear no more the exultant palm Triumphant towards our zenith's colm But, groping graveward, sing a psalm.

The pulsied pulse, the measured mein, The yearning for what once hath been, The waiting for the dread unseen! How happy, if, with whitening hair, And face all limned with lines of care, The soul looks speward, young and fair?

ON THE THRESHOLD.

I am rising, and not setting; This is not night, but day Not in darkness, but in sunsh Like a star, I fade away. All is well with me forever; I do not fear to go: My tide is but beginning Its bright, eternal flow.

I am leaving only shadows,
For the true, and fair, and good.
I must not, cannot linger;
I would not, though I could. This is not death's dark portal; The life's golden gate to use. Link after link is broken, And I at last am free. I am going to the angels,
I am going to my God;
I know the hand that beekons,
I see the boly road.

Jesus, Thou wilt receive me, And welcome me above; This sunshine which now fills me; Is Thine own smile of love.

THE BEAPER. There is a reuper whose name is Death, And with his sickle keen, He reups the bearded grain at a breath, And the flowers that grow between. "Shall I have mought that is fair!" said he,
"Have mought but the bearded grain!
Though the breath of those flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
The resper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the centh are they,
Where He was once a child.

And the mother gave, in tears and pain, The flowers she most did love: She knew she should find them all again, In the fields of light above. OLD FOLES

Ah, don't be serrowful, durling; Ah, don't be serrowful, peny; Taking the year together, my dear, There isn't more night than day. Tis rainy weather, my darling, Time's waves they heavily run; But taking the year together, my dear, There isn't more cloud than sun. We are old folks now, my darling, Our leads are growing gray; And taking the year together, my dear, You will always find the May. We have had our May, my darling, And our roses long ago; And the time of year is coming, my dear, For the silent night and snow.

And God is God, my darling, Of night as well as day; And we feel and knew that we can go Wherever He leads the way. LOVE-COMMUNINGS.

When then not by my side, Thine arm around me thrown, My head upon thy home, Then calling me thine sum, In all the wide old earth, Buseath the glacima sky, So making is so blest, So truly blest as I. When thou set by my side, A cettings or a palace Were all the same to me. From out a public challen, Long dramples of force and her With lariah hand, and from An the red wine can flow, In purery for thee and no. When then art by my side, All the old dramm of mine Pade in the lady light (of lave lite the Divine; Pade all the olden dramm Of fame and high emprion. As the light mint at more Pades from the many skies.

AWIFE The wife sat thoughtfully turning over A bank invertibed with the school-girl's same He came, and he went away—it was nothing With cold, only, words upon cities side; But, just us the sound of the room door shorts! A dreadful door to her beart stood wide. Love ; she had read of it in sweet yearners.
Love that could survey, but never full;
Built her own palace of mikin function,
All the wide world a futry tale. Blook and bifter, and exterly deletal, Byreads to the woman her map of life; Borr offer hear she looks in her soul, fell (or deep disney and turbulent stell. The limit hands, the limit of the corpet; The hinds cloud humans!, the sterm rate fell (or the hear stells to wither and warp is—



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and strength, and renders it pliable. The Vision cleanses the scalp, cures and prevents the formation of dandruff; and, by its cooling, stimulating, and soothing properties, it heals most if not all of the humors and diseases peculiar to the scalp, humors and diseases peculiar to the scalp, keeping it cool, clean, and soft, under which conditions diseases of the scalp and

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